***Hamlet* Memory Lines Extra Credit- Honors**

PICK UP TO FOUR OF THE OPTIONS to memorize and say to Mrs. Livingston on or before \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

\*\*If you present it for the class, I will add it to a TEST grade. If you say it to me, I will add it to a QUIZ grade. You will get one prompt, but anything more will result in a point deduction. You must present the passage with fluidity to receive full credit.

1. **Claudius (10 points)**

Oh, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs

All from her father’s death, and now behold!

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies

But in battalions. First, her father slain.

Next, your son gone, and he most violent author

Of his own just remove. The people muddied,

Thick, and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers

For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.

1. **Ophelia (10 points)**

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!—

The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword,

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,

Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That sucked the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatched form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me,

T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

1. **Polonius (10 points)**

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any proportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

Bear ’t that th' opposèd may beware of thee.

Give every man thy ear but few thy voice.

Take each man’s censure but reserve thy judgment.

1. **Old King Hamlet-Ghost (15 points)**

I am thy father’s spirit,

Doomed for a certain term to walk the night

And for the day confined to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part

And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fearful porpentine.

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

1. **Hamlet (15 points)**

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| O vengeance!Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, That I, the son of a dear father murdered, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with wordsAnd fall a-cursing like a very drab,A scullion! Fie upon ’t, foh!About, my brain.—Hum, I have heardThat guilty creatures sitting at a playHave, by the very cunning of the scene,Been struck so to the soul that presentlyThey have proclaimed their malefactions.For murder, though it have no tongue, will speakWith most miraculous organ. I’ll have these playersPlay something like the murder of my fatherBefore mine uncle. I’ll observe his looks.I’ll tent him to the quick. If he do blench,I know my course. The spirit that I have seenMay be the devil, and the devil hath powerT' assume a pleasing shape. Yea, and perhapsOut of my weakness and my melancholy,As he is very potent with such spirits,Abuses me to damn me. I’ll have groundsMore relative than this. The play’s the thingWherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king. |